

Living in the Shadow

by Glossfur of Ravenclaw

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Summary: Living in the shadow of her brother, there's Glossfur. Living in the spotlight of his Clan, there's Oakfrost. Living in the shadow, there's an evil like none other. When Glossfur and Oakfrost discover they are part of a prophecy created to stop this evil, will they unite to stop it...or let their differences get the better of them? OC

1. Prologue

Four cats stepped into the clearing. Just ahead of them, the Moonpool shimmered and sparkled, beckoning them closer.

"Is this wise, Owlstar?" a white tom meowed. His broad shoulders and numerous battle scars made him the most feared leader in Clan history; yet, when any of his Clan-mates were in danger, he would always be the one to save them.

"I would not do this if I had no other choice," Owlstar replied sadly. The four cats kept walking until they reached the Moonpool. Owlstar was in front; his tawny-colored pelt shining with the stars.

"But there is another choice," a third voice came. A she-cat, with a dark gray pelt gray eyes, padded over to Owlstar.

"What other choice? Either we pick her or the Clans get destroyed," the fourth voice growled. A brown tom with yellow eyes came out of the shadows.

"Mudstar is correct, Ashstar," Owlstar meowed, his gaze steady on the Moonpool.

"But we'd destroy a she-cat's life forever!" Ashstar protested.

"Well, she'd just die young. It's not like she's going to be born a

cripple or anything," Whitestar reassured her. "Besides, there really is no other choice."

"But the weight of the prophecy is too much for her to carry," Ashstar meowed.

"Then we distribute the weight evenly," Owlstar meowed, as if suddenly struck with a thought.

"Two cats die young. How is that any better?" Mudstar questioned.

"It's better because, with two cats instead of one, they can watch each other's backs. Support each other. Be there for each other. There's less chance of her dying if she has someone kind and caring to watch her back. StarClan knows she'll need it," Ashstar replied, nodding her head. The surface of the Moonpool rippled and two faces appeared on the lake: one a black she-cat with glossy fur, obviously RiverClan, and the otherâ€‘ThunderClan. Ashstar jerked her head up.

"ThunderClan?" Whitestar hissed.

"No! Our plan is ruined!" Owlstar growled. While the leaders were fighting, Ashstar slowly slipped into the reeds until she disappeared from sight.

"No matter what they think, I'll always be watching you," she murmured to herself.

After she said this she looked down on the living world below her.

In the living world, a she-cat screamed.

2. Silverstripe's Decision

"Quick! Get Ravenpelt!" Quailflight gasped. The whole RiverClan instantly awoke.

"What's wrong?" Dovepelt, another queen in the nursery, asked groggily. Her kits were still sleeping soundly by her belly.

"Silverstripe's having her kits!" Quailflight responded breathlessly. Ravenpelt had burst into the nursery with his apprentice, Finchtail, right at his heels. In their jaws were herbs needed for kit-birth.

"Of course she's having her kits. She's pregnant, what else would she be having? A diarrhea?" Dovepelt mumbled sarcastically as she drifted back to sleep.

Quailflight rolled her eyes and looked at Silverstripe. Her breathing was ragged and Ravenpelt had a paw at her belly. As another contraction came, Ravenpelt urged her. "Push!" he meowed. Silverstripe screeched and pushed. A wet kit came tumbling out onto the moss. Finchtail immediately licked its fur fiercely. It wailed and Finchtail placed it by its mother's belly. Silverstripe didn't

have time to marvel her kit; another one was coming. Finchtail licked it and placed it by its mother's belly as she did the first one. Finally, the last kit was born. Finchtail finished licking it and placed it by its mother's belly with relief.

"Three kits—two she-kits and a tom! Congratulations, Silverstripe!" Ravenpelt purred. Silverstripe purred weakly.

Outside of the nursery, Silverstripe's mate, Birchesong, was pacing furiously. He seemed to be growling to himself as Finchtail stepped outside to tell him he could see his mate.

"She's fine. There's three healthy kits—two she-kits and a tom. I'd suggest you let her rest for the night, but it's okay to see her, too," she reported. Birchesong nodded, relieved. A look of pride spread across his face. He rushed into the nursery and saw Silverstripe, crooning over her kits. The warm, milky scent engulfed him as he slowly padded over to Silverstripe's nest.

"What should we name them, my love?" he asked breathlessly. One of the she-kits had glossy, smooth black fur, and the other had somewhat tangled dark gray pelt. The tom was light gray. He had silvery black triangle-shaped markings on his head, back, and legs. They were all beautiful and deserved beautiful names.

"Stormkit for my little tom," Silverstripe purred. "And Ashkit for this little she-kit." Silverstripe pointed to the tangled she-kit with her tail.

"Beautiful," Birchesong breathed, purring.

"You decide on this one," Silverstripe said suddenly, her motherly and loving attitude gone. Birchesong frowned slightly but looked at the last unnamed she-kit. Suddenly, he realized why Silverstripe wasn't looking at this one. It was so small, like it could die in a day or two. Silverstripe didn't want to name it only to be heartbroken a few days later. Birchesong took a deep breath.

"What about Glosskit?" he suggested. Silverstripe nodded drowsily and drifted off to sleep. As Birchesong looked down at his three kits, he purred softly.

"I will always love you," he whispered proudly, and licked each of their small heads gently.

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><p>Hey everyone! This is my first Fanfiction story, so I will get very discouraged if I don't get at least one review before I publish chapter 2!

**QOTC (question of the chapter): If you were Silverstripe, would you have named Glosskit anyway? **

**PS. I did not copy anyone's story-this was my own original idea. It may be similar to other stories, but it is not a copy. Of any sorts. **

Welcome to the next chapter! I only got one review by Kai Lover911. Thanks a lot! I really appreciate it! Now, onto the story...

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><p>"Come on, Glosskit, keep up!" Ashkit squealed. The dark-gray she-kit tumbled out of the nursery and landing on top of her brother, Stormkit, who was already grooming himself.</p>

"Get off me, you big lump!" he squeaked, wiggling under his larger sister.

Meanwhile, Glosskit was still sleeping in the nursery. She was nestled cozily by her mother, Silverstripe, who was also dozing off. The sunlight poured into the nursery and reflected off Glosskit's sleek black pelt. Next to Silverstripe's nest, Dovepelt lay, also napping. Her kits, Leopardkit and Mistkit, were outside, playing Catch the Mouse. Quailflight, an expecting queen, was stretching. She padded out of the den, her stomach swaying as she moved.

"Come on, Glosskit! You've been sleeping for ages! It's already midmorning!" Ashkit whined. She and Stormkit were sitting next to each other, tails wrapped around their paws neatly, waiting for Glosskit. Grumbling loudly, Glosskit stood up on her small legs and wobbled out of the nursery.

"I'm here, stop shouting," she moaned. "Can we play mossball or something?" Ashkit opened her tiny mouth to say something, but she was interrupted by Leopardkit and Mistkit. They stormed over to the three kits.

Leopardkit sneered. "You can't play mossball because you're too tiny," she crowed.

"Yeah, you're too small to be useful!" Mistkit jeered. She swiped at Glosskit's ear with a sheathed paw. Glosskit failed to duck in time and Mistkit's paw whacked the side of her head.

"Ow!" she wailed. Due to her small size, Glosskit fell over on her side. Nobody noticed the kits. They were all busy doing their own thing. Slowly, Glosskit got back up.

"Glosskit, are you okay?" Ashkit squealed. She covered Glosskit's small body with fierce licks like a mother caring for her kit, even though they were the same age. Stormkit growled at Leopardkit and Mistkit, who looked stunned.

"Sorry Glosskit! I didn't mean to hurt you!" Mistkit meowed, scared. Glosskit glared at Mistkit with her green eyes.

"Then don't whack my head like that," Glosskit meowed coldly, and stomped proudly into the elder's den, where she hoped to receive some consoling and maybe even hear a story.

"Hello, Glosskit. What brings you here today?" Treeface asked. He was the oldest elder and always had the best stories.

"I was wondering if you could tell me a story," Glosskit meowed hopefully. Treeface purred, a sound like the rumbling thunder, while

Goldeneyes, the only other elder, proceeded to groom her fur. Even at an old age, Goldeneyes cared about how beautiful and young she looked.

"Well, young'un, there's a bunch of stories in my day, but I reckon you want an interesting one. Let me tell you about Wrenstar," Treeface began.

"Wrenstar, then Wrenfoot, was the best warrior in all Clans. All of the Clans respected him. Everyone wanted to be him. He was known for his strength, skill, courage, and determination. He was also compassionate and kind.

"One day, though, Wrenfoot met a dark spirit. It transformed him. It took all his good qualities and turned them into bad. He eventually killed the leader of his Clan and became the most feared leader in Clan history. The dark spirit continued to guide him towards the path of evil. Eventually, he was killed by the cats of a prophecy. They were foretold to save the forest. Wrenstar eventually went to the Dark Forest for his crimes, but nobody forgot his former self, the kind, compassionate cat. To this day, no one knows who or what the dark spirit was, or how it possessed Wrenstar. All we know is that before he died, Wrenstar screamed, 'Sweetfoot!' which was understandable, because she was his mate. But she died before his evil reign, plus, he took another mate after her, so no one knows why he yelled her name. It's an unsolved mystery," Treeface ended on the ominous note. Glosskit shivered.

"Treeface, you'll scare the living wits out of her before she's even apprenticed!" Goldeneyes scolded, pausing from her grooming. She turned to Glosskit with kind eyes. "Even though the Wrenstar tale is very true, you needn't worry, little one. No evil spirit is going to haunt you anytime soon." Glosskit nodded and thanked Treeface, then practically ran out of the elder's den.

Ashkit and Stormkit were mock-fighting in the clearing. They kicked dust all over the camp, and some landed in the fresh-kill pile.

"Hi, Glosskit, wanna join us?" Stormkit asked cheerfully, still pinning Ashkit. When he was distracted, Ashkit battered Stormkit's belly gently and Stormkit rolled off her.

"Take that, Stormstar of MeanClan!" she meowed victoriously. Glosskit watched them, her whiskers twitching as she tried not to laugh.

"Hey, Glosskit, wanna be Glossstar of CoolClan? I'm Ashstar of NiceClan," Ashkit called.

Glosskit opened her mouth to answer but was interrupted by the arrival of Birchesong. He was the Clan deputy and the kits' father.

"Hey!" Birchesong meowed. All three kits turned to face their father, their tails wrapped neatly around their paws and their eyes widened so they looked ridiculously cute.

"Palepaw and Rainpaw are having their warrior ceremony today. Do you know what a warrior ceremony is?" Birchesong asked, wrapping his tail around his kits.

"It's when an apprentice becomes a warrior. Just because we're only a moon old doesn't mean we don't know anything!" Ashkit whined.

Birchsong purred. "I was wondering if you would like to watch the ceremony instead of stay in the nursery," he meowed seriously.

"All of us?" Stormkit asked, his gray eyes widening.

"Yes, all of you," Birchsong meowed. "Come on, Silverstripe wants to clean you up." He padded off.

"Wow! We get to watch our first warrior ceremony!" Glosskit squealed. The kits trotted to the nursery, where Silverstripe licked them so hard they thought half their fur would fall out.

* * *

><p>Author's note: This chapter might be a bit boring, but it explains some stuff that will be important later on in the story (hint: the evil spirit that "possessed" Wrenstar). Please leave a review of what you think! I want two by the time I publish the next chapter!

QOTC: Why do you think Wrenstar yelled "Sweetfoot!" before he died? Leave your answer in a (hint, hint) REVIEW!

4. A Shocking Betrayal

Welcome to the next chapter! Seriously, though, 123 views and TWO reviews? Come on! I know we can do better than that! Thanks again to Kai Lover911 for reviewing. Oh, and I also kinda had to change the rating from K+ to T for safety, just in case some themes are a bit too mature for 9 year olds. Enjoy!

* * *

><p>"I, Rosestar, leader of RiverClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these apprentices. They have trained hard to understand the ways of the warrior code. Do you, Palepaw and Rainpaw, promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?" Rosestar meowed.</p>

"I do," they replied.

"Then I give you your warrior name. Palepaw, from this moment on, you will be known as Palefoot. StarClan honors your intelligence and bravery, and we welcome you as a full warrior of RiverClan." Palefoot licked Rosestar's shoulder and went to sit by her mentor, Birchsong. Glosskit's father looked proudly at his apprentice, but there was something else in his gaze. Glosskit didn't understand it. She was so distracted she missed part of Rainpaw's naming.

"â€"as Raingaze. StarClan honors your strength and determination, and we welcome you as full warrior of RiverClan." Raingaze also licked Rosestar's shoulder respectfully and went to sit by his mentor, Applefur.

"Palefoot! Raingaze!" the Clan cheered the new warriors' names while they ducked their heads embarrassedly. Birchesong nuzzled Palefoot's earâ€"a little too close for comfort, Glosskit thoughtâ€"but the moment was over in a blink of an eye. Glosskit was too busy seeing if Silverstripe reacted or not, so she missed the next few words Rosestar said.

"â€"sit in a silent vigil to guard camp," Rosestar meowed. Palefoot and Raingaze wrestled through the crowd of cats to sit vigil while everyone else went to their dens to have a good night's sleep.

Glosskit, Ashkit, and Stormkit bounded off to the nursery. When they got there, Silverstripe wasn't there.

"Where is she?" Stormkit asked. He sniffed the air with his little pink nose, as if trying to find her scent trail. "There!" he meowed excitedly. He started to follow Silverstripe's "scent trail". Glosskit and Ashkit decided to humor him, first, but after a few minutes, he didn't return.

"Should we try to find him?" Ashkit meowed dubiously.

"Stormkit could be in trouble! Come on, let's find him!" Glosskit meowed. She sniffed the air and followed Stormkit's tracks, Ashkit close behind her.

They finally saw Stormkit sitting on a tall rock. His back was turned from them. Glosskit heard weird noises from behind the rock. She wondered what was happening that Stormkit found so interesting to see. She and Ashkit slowly climbed the rock. Once Glosskit reached the top, she called Stormkit's name. He whipped around and shushed her. He gestured to something below the rock with his tail.

Glosskit peered down and saw her father, Birchesong, with Palefoot. How did she leave the vigil without anyone knowing? Glosskit wondered. Ashkit scampered over to where Glosskit was sitting.

"What's happening?" she whispered, frightened.

"Let's watch," Glosskit meowed, craning her neck to see what in the name of StarClan Birchesong and Palefoot were doing.

They were wrapped around each other so tightly Glosskit thought they were one cat. They were purring quietly, and Birchesong nibbled Palefoot's ear playfully. She flicked her tail at his flank. Then, they retreated into a large clump of ferns, hidden from the kits' view. What was happening? Wasn't Birchesong Silverstripe's mate?

"Stormkit, what's happening?" Glosskit whispered. He turned to her, his golden eyes full of tears.

"You didn't hear? Birchesong is in love with Palefoot!"

* * *

><p>Ooh, bet you didn't expect that plot twist!
Again, please review!**

**QOTC: Where do you think Silverstripe was while all this drama was happening? **

**See ya! **

End
file.